

Letter from Mrs. Mills to Reverend Hall, taken from the  
New York American of October 18, 1922.

"Dearest, darling boy, I love you most as you love me as you do today-not so much physically, but prayerfully-exalted and you see, darling, the physical fits in and doesn't dominate, yet it was there just the same-not to be denied-never.

"Dearest, believe me, won't you? Never will I say you want my body rather than me-what I really am. I know that if you love me you will long and ache for my body. Have I ever tempted you, dear? Have I ever made you want me? I never wanted to.

"Dearest, there isn't a man who can even make me smile. As you said today, our hearts are true as steel. I'm not pretty, I know there are girls with shapely bodies, but I'm not caring what they have.

"I have the greatest of all blessings-a noble man, deep true eternal love and my heart is his-my life is his-all I have is his-poor as my body is-scrawny my skin may be-but I am his forever. Honey, I feel awfully lonesome for you tonight. I want to talk to you. I feel so full of thoughts. Why do I cry so-oh, it pains to cry. I will hate the winter nights. Then I dream of curling up in a chair with you-oh, what dreams I have. Will it ever be? God knows best, dear. It is eleven and I must get some rest as I expect to be up early about six to pack the lunch."